



P. BAGGE'S

# APOCALYPSE NERD





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a bluecadet3 comic

# APOCALYPSE NERD

SOMEWHERE  
IN THE  
NORTH CASCADE  
MOUNTAINS...

AHH,  
THERE'S NOTHING  
LIKE A WEEK IN THE  
MOUNTAINS TO HELP  
KEEP THINGS IN  
PERSPECTIVE.

RIGHT,  
PERRY?

OH, I  
SUPPOSE...

♪ SLOW ♪



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YOU  
"SUPPOSE"?

DON'T TELL  
ME YOU'RE  
STILL PINING  
OVER THAT  
BROAD...

I'M  
NOT  
PINING!

AND  
SHE'S  
NOT A  
"BROAD"!



...I GUESS I'M  
JUST FEELING LIKE  
I'VE GOT NOTHING  
TO GO BACK  
TO...

OH NO? WHAT  
ABOUT YOUR  
HIGH-FALLOUTIN'  
JOB?





















LATER...

...NONE CANS OF  
SOUP, FOUR LOAVES  
OF BREAD, AND A  
JAR OF PICKLES...

...TO SAY I  
DID A PRETTY GOOD  
JOB OF SHOPPING,  
ALL THINGS  
CONSIDERED!

A  
JAR  
OF  
PICKLES?









THE NEXT MORNING...





LATER THAT DAY...







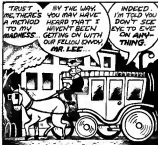


# THE ODD COUPLE GO TO PARIS

SPRING, 1778.



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WEEKS LATER, AT VERSAILLES...

I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU'VE FINALLY PULLED YOUR NOSE OUT OF YOUR BOOKS LONG ENOUGH TO JOIN US THIS EVENING, MR. ADAMS...

YOU TAKE YOUR DUTIES FAR TOO SERIOUSLY!

PROCURING PEACE AND INDEPENDENCE FOR AMERICA IS A SERIOUS BUSINESS, SIR.

"ADAMS" —AS IN ADAM AND EVE, NO?

I WONDER: HOW DID ADAM KNOW HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO EVE? DIVINE INTERVENTION, PERHAPS? HA HA!

GASP! SUCH IMPERTINENCE!

GISELLE, PLEASE! YOU'RE EMBARRASSING OUR SPECIAL GUEST! HA HA!

COME ALONG, QUINCY. IT'S PAST OUR BEDTIME...

WHERE'S THE OLD CONJURER\*?

BUT, NO ONE GOES TO BED AT EIGHT AROUND HERE!

\*ADAMS' NICKNAME FOR FRANKLIN.

GOOD GOD!

Wow!

... SO THE QUAKER SAYS TO THE MENNONITE: "YOU AND WHAT ARMY?"

AH HA HA! OH BENNY, YOU TELL THE FUNNIEST STORIES!

AND HE INVENTED BIFOCALS!

ISN'T HE AMAZING?

WE HAVE IMPORTANT BUSINESS TO DISCUSS, DOCTOR, BUT I SEE YOU'RE PREOCCUPIED, AS USUAL...

I TAKE IT YOU DON'T APPROVE OF MY DIPLOMATIC STYLE.

HEY! I CAN'T SEE!

HOW CAN WE CONVINCE THE FRENCH TO BACK US WHEN ONE OF US IS ACTING LIKE AN OLD FOOL!?

WE AREN'T EXACTLY DEALING WITH PURITANS HERE, JOHN...

OR HAVEN'T YOU NOTICED?

OH, I'VE NOTICED, ALRIGHT...

I'LL CALL ON YOU FIRST THING TOMORROW...

"EARLY TO BED, EARLY TO RISE"—RIGHT, DOCTOR?

BAH. WHO EVER WROTE THAT WAS A YOUNG FOOL.

FALL, 1781...

ALL LANDS EAST  
OF THE MISSISSIPPI,  
UNRESTRICTED TRADE  
WITH THE WEST  
INDIES...

NOT A  
BAD DEAL,  
I'D SAY.

AND WE GOT  
TOM COT\* THROWN  
IN FOR GOOD  
MEASURE!

I'LL BE  
THE TONST OF  
NEW ENGLAND!  
HURRAH!

I CAN'T BELIEVE  
THE BRITISH SIGNED  
THIS TREATY...

MAYBE  
WE REALLY ARE  
"CONFIDENTS", OH  
JOHN?



"FINDING RIGHTS

SAH! THIS  
TOOK YEARS  
LONGER THAN  
IT SHOULD  
HAVE...

AND THE  
FRENCH WERE SO  
USELESS WE HAD  
TO NEGOTIATE  
BEHIND THEIR  
BACKS!



INDEED,  
WHILE BREAKING OUR TREATY  
WITH THEM IN THE PROCESS.

Y-YES, THERE  
IS VERY MUCH  
TO BE GOTTEN  
OUT OF  
THIS.

ARE THE  
FRENCH  
VERY WISE  
WITH US,  
DOCTOR?

THEY'RE  
FURNISHING,  
BUT THAT  
WOULDN'T STOP  
US FROM  
HITTING THEM  
UP FOR  
ANOTHER  
LOAN.



SO WHAT'S NEXT FOR YOU, JOHN?  
OUR SUCCESS HERE SHOULD  
OPEN MANY FALCON DOORS  
FOR YOU...



PLEASE.

I'M NOT IN  
THIS FOR THE  
GLORY.

I MISS MY  
HUSBAND, AND  
MY HUMBLE  
FARM...

IF I CAN GET  
MY LAW PRACTICE  
GOING AGAIN, I'LL  
BE HAPPY...



GOODNIGHT,  
GENTLEMEN. IT'S WAY PAST  
THIS FARMER'S BEDTIME...

WELL, I GUESS  
THAT'S THE  
LAST WE'LL  
BE HEARING  
FROM MR.  
ADAMS.

WHAT? DON'T  
TELL ME YOU  
BOUGHT THAT  
LITTLE SONG  
AND DANCE  
OF HIS!



?!? WHY  
WOULDN'T I  
TAKE HIM  
AT HIS  
WORD?

BECAUSE  
THAT "HUMBLE  
NEW ENGLAND  
FARMER" IS THE  
BIGGEST EGOTIST  
I'VE EVER MET.



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